

# THE YAZOO WHIG AND POLITICAL REGISTER.

J. A. STEVENS, Editor & Proprietor.

YAZOO CITY, (ML) FRIDAY, MAY 7, 1841.

VOL. 5, No. 43.—Whole No. 251.

**Yazoo City Whig and Political Register.**  
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,  
BY J. A. STEVENS,  
(CITY PRINTER.)

On Main Street, opposite N. B. Hamer's, in the north end of the "Manchester Hall."  
**TERMS.**—The Whig will be furnished to subscribers at \$5 00 per annum in advance. ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the rate of \$1 00 per square for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each week thereafter—ten lines or less, constituting a square. The number of insertions required, must be marked on the margin of the manuscript, or they will be inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly. Advertisements from a distance, must be accompanied with the cash, or good reference in town. Announcing candidates for office will be \$10 for county offices, \$10 for state offices—in advance.

**Yearly Advertising.**  
For forty lines or less, renewable at pleasure \$60. No contract taken for less than one year—and payable half yearly in advance.  
The privilege of annual advertising is limited to their own immediate business; and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, sent in by them must be paid for by the square.

**Professional Advertisements.**  
For 10 lines or less, not alterable, 3 months, \$12  
" 10 do do do 6 do 20  
" 10 do do do 12 do 30  
As the above rates are the same as those established in Natchez, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Gulf and elsewhere in this State, no deduction will be made from them in any case whatever.  
ALL JOB WORK MUST BE PAID FOR ON DELIVERY.

## The New World,

THE LARGEST, CHEAPEST, HANDSOMEST, AND MOST COMPREHENSIVE NEWSPAPER IN THE UNITED STATES.

Edited by Park Benjamin & Epes Sargent.  
With multiplied resources for rendering the New World more valuable than ever as a comprehensive newspaper and repository of elegant literature, we enter upon the second volume (folio) on the 24th of October, dressed in a beautiful garb of new type, cast expressly for the purpose. It will therefore be a fitting to commence new subscriptions, as well as for the renewal of those which may then expire.  
During the first year of the existence of the New World, it has acquired a reputation and circulation superior to that of any weekly paper in the country; and has furnished to its subscribers during that period, (besides all the current news of the day, domestic and foreign) now and valuable works by Talfourd, Disraeli, Thomas Moore, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Jameson, Charles Dickens, Ainsworth, Knowles, Bulwer, Marryat and others—works, which in London could not be purchased for any times the amount of the subscription price of the New World. In addition to works of interest by these eminent authors, it has contained the cream of the periodical literature of the day, as well as original articles from the pens of some of the most popular writers of America, among whom we may mention Miss Sedgwick, Orville Dewey, Professor Longfellow, the author of "Yankee Notions," Simms, Street, &c., &c., &c.  
In politics we shall, as hitherto, maintain an armed neutrality. Our columns will as hitherto be unobjectional in a moral point of view. In criticism we shall, in justice to the public, maintain a perfect independence, even though we incur the vengeance of all dunces. We shall, in conclusion, earnestly attempt to render our sheet not only worthy of the unparalleled favor it has experienced, but of a continually extending circulation. While we continue to furnish with all possible promptitude the most attractive literature of the day, we shall, as our means enlarge, afford that compensation to native authors which may induce them to make the New World the medium for presenting to the public their best productions. Our excellent London correspondence will be continued, and due attention will be paid to the commercial, agricultural and news departments of our paper.

### A QUARTO EDITION

Of sixteen large pages was commenced on the 6th of June last, in order to meet the wishes of a large number of subscribers, by giving them its rich and varied contents in a suitable form for binding. This we have done without having enhanced the price, so that new subscribers, and others on the renewal of previous subscriptions, can take their choice between the Quarto and Folio form. (But a few sets of the Quarto, from No. 1, now remain on hand in the office and we shall therefore, not be able long to supply them.)

**TERMS.**—THREE DOLLARS a year in advance, for either edition; or FIVE DOLLARS for two copies. In all cases letters must be free, or post paid, or they will remain dead in the Post-Office. All Postmasters who will act for us are our authorized Agents, and may retain 25 per cent on the subscription price, (\$3.) for commissions, if remitted in New-York or Eastern Money; or fifty cents on each, if in notes of other solvent banks, which may be at a discount here.  
Letters relative to the editorial department, to be addressed to PARK BENJAMIN & EPES SARGENT, Editors: those relative to the business department to J. WINCHESTER, Publisher, New-York City, 1840.

**Dissolution of Copartnership.**  
THE partnership heretofore existing between the subscribers, under the firm of A. Hall & Co., was dissolved by mutual consent this day. ALPHERD HALL, W. C. KELLOGG.

### FOR RENT.

THE plantation in this County, formerly occupied by R. L. Adams, a few miles East from Benton. There are about 300 acres ready for cultivation, a good gin house, and fine improvements to be found on the place. It will be rented low to a good tenant. Apply to

C. S. CRANE,  
in this County, or to  
FRANCIS ILSLEY, Vicksburg  
January 1st, 1841.

## REGULAR PACKET.



Between Yazoo City and Vicksburg.  
THE fast running upper cabin Steamer

## VOLANT:

YOUNG, Master, has commenced, and will continue running as a regular packet between the above places, leaving Yazoo City, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 12 o'clock, P. M.; and Vicksburg, on Tuesdays, Thursdays & Saturdays, at 2 o'clock, M Yazoo City, Jan. 8, 1841. 26—tf.

## REGULAR TRI-MONTHLY PACKET



From Yazoo City to New Orleans.  
The new and splendid fast running Steamer

## JOAN OF ARC,

Wm. H. WRIGHT, commander, will run as a regular packet between Yazoo City and New Orleans, making, three trips a month between the two cities. She commenced her first regular trip from Yazoo City on the first of February instant.

N. B. THE JOAN OF ARC being built expressly for this trade, will run as above during the season—for accommodation and speed she is not to be surpassed on the waters.

January 22, 1841. 28—tf  
**Egyptian Cotton Seed.**  
WE have received a small lot of genuine EGYPTIAN COTTON SEED, direct from Egypt, which we will sell at \$6 per bushel. The Cottons of Egypt sell for nearly double the price of American. Those who wish to try it, can be furnished by the undersigned with the seed.

M. B. HAMER, & Co.  
Yazoo City, March 19, 1841. 36—tf.

### NOTICE.

THE copartnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the firm of NUGENT, TURPIN & WATT, in New Orleans, and TURPIN, WATT & CO, at Grand Gulf, Mississippi, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The unsettled business of the houses will be attended to by Richard Nugent, in New Orleans, and F. W. Turpin and Hugh Watt, at Grand Gulf, who are authorized to use the names of the respective firms for the purposes of liquidation only.

RICHARD NUGENT  
F. W. TURPIN  
HUGH WATT  
New Orleans, July 1, 1840 7—3m.

THE undersigned (late of the firm of Nugent, Turpin & Watt) has taken into partnership Mr. Alfred H. Hopkins, of this city, and will continue the Commission Business under the firm of NUGENT, HOPKINS & CO.

RICHARD NUGENT.  
New Orleans, July 1, 1840 7—3m.

### WANTED.

A TEACHER well qualified to teach an English School and the Latin Language is wanted. A liberal salary will be given. Those who wish the situation will apply before the 10th January next, in person or by letter to Dr. Nolen or the subscriber.  
WM. PICKETT Jr.  
Near Benton. 24—3t.

Dec. 21st, 1840.  
The Canton Whig Advocate will give the above three insertions, and forward their account to this office for collection.

### FOR RENT.

THE plantation in this County formerly occupied and cultivated by J. R. Creecy, on the road from Yazoo City to Benton.—To a good and careful tenant the rent will be moderate. Its advantages are too well known to require description. Apply to  
C. S. CRANE, Receiver,  
Appointed by the Hon. Court of Chancery.  
January 1st, 1841 25—tf

### Tax Collector's Sale.

BY virtue of authority in me vested as Assessor and Collector of Taxes for Yazoo county and State of Mississippi, I will on the 19th day of July, 1841, at the Court House door of Yazoo county, expose to public auction to the highest bidder, for cash, for the taxes due thereon for 1840, the following property, to wit: Lots 165, 166 and 163, claimed by Dorsey and Alston, and 157 claimed by W. Dorsey and various other individuals. The above property is situated in Yazoo City, formerly Manchester: taxes due for 1840, \$3 75.

S. L. JAMES, A. & C. Y. C.  
April 8, 1841. (Pr. fee \$15) 40—14t.

### JOB PRINTING

Neatly and Expeditiously executed at this OFFICE.

## POETRY.

FOR THE WHIG.

Bob White!

THE QUAIL'S LAMENT.

Farewell! farewell!—my crested mate,  
Of whom I was so proud of late,  
To fall by thee, it was his fate,  
Bob White!

Of all our flock he was the pride,  
Was ever by his lov'd one's side,  
Till by thee shot—he fell, and died,  
Bob White!

Our little brood he watch'd with care,  
To bring them food no toil would spare,  
No more he'll seek their daily fare,  
Bob White!

How happy were our young to see  
Their parent fly o'er hill and lea;  
Sad orphans are they made by thee,  
Bob White!

I'll watch them with a mother's eye,  
And teach them soon to swiftly fly,  
When danger's near, I'll warn them by  
Bob White!

Well, I forgive thee!—thou must fall!—  
And when thy race are summon'd all,  
May One above in mercy call—  
Bob White!

ZOO.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR THE YAZOO WHIG.

GREEN LEYMAN.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

(CONTINUED.)

Chapter III.

The smooth trodden pathway along which we now passed, led through a valley of rich alluvial soil, covered with cane, and here and there a noble oak or walnut reared its broad summit.

Mr. Jones with honest pride pointed out to me the advantages of his location,—for we were still on his lands,—and if it be true, as asserted by Jeremy Bentham, that 'property is nothing more than the basis of expectation,' Jones certainly had a right to expect a great deal from so broad a basis, his lands being several miles in extent.

There is a grandeur in the forests of Mississippi, which creates a sentiment of awe. The pioneer who enters one of these forests, feels as though he held the land in tenancy direct from the Creator. He takes possession with the axe in one hand and the Bible in the other, and returns thanks to the Great Proprietor of the virgin soil. Here, the foot of civilized man has never before trodden, and he comes now, to bush away the last mossy track of the Choctaw. All looks as fresh as if but yesterday might have been the first day of Creation! No monuments of antiquity, no marks of man's ravages, nothing to connect the present with the past; but there stands the giant oak upon a soil where perhaps the sun's rays have never reached! Deep interminable solitude! The soul shudders at finding itself thus alone in the presence of the Creator, and you are ready to bow down and worship; so great is the power of the immutability which surrounds you.

We pursued our way for some time in silence, which was at length broken by my companion.

'Leyman,' said Mr. Jones, taking my arm and walking very slowly, while he looked concernedly in my face, 'you say you are going to Benton?'

'I am on my way to Western Tennessee,' I replied, 'and have been advised to go that way, through Holmes county, and so on to North Mississippi.'

'Do you know that there is a great commotion among the people of this part of the State, and that much concern is occasioned here by the publication of a pamphlet called the 'Land Pirate,' purporting to give a clue to certain insurrectionary movements among the negroes? My opinion is, 'continued Mr. Jones, 'that it is all humbug, and that no such movement was ever dreamed of, or at least that no concerted plan has been entered into. There, no doubt, has been a band of negro thieves and kidnappers at work among the slaves, who hurt their minds, and on some plantations, rendered them almost ungovernable. I have no fears of any such result, myself, unless the excitement which that publication has occasioned, tends to bring about what it purports to be designed to prevent. But what I intended to say was, to warn you of the danger of travelling at this time, a stranger, on foot, and alone; when every road and bye-way is guarded, and every one who passes, is challenged to give an account of himself.'

Jones concluded by inviting me to remain with him until it was safe to travel, or at least, until I could escape the annoyance of being suspected and examined at every cross road.—Strangely enough, I declined this invitation; had it been made without the preface, which pointed out the danger of proceeding on my route, there is no doubt I should have accepted his hospitality, for I was sadly in want of rest. There was a thought which pursued me eternally, and seemed to impel me onward. The very idea of being compelled to remain stationary, waked this feeling, and the desire to leave as far behind me as possible, the spot which I had left a few days previous, grew upon me so strongly, and so suddenly, that I found myself striding rapidly away, absorbed with this one sentiment, until recalled by my companion, whom I had left several paces in the rear.

'So,' said Jones, 'you are determined to go. Then let me tell you, if you get into any trouble, send to me and I will interfere, and see that you are not lynched as an insurrectionist.'

This last remark, though uttered in a jesting manner, I could plainly perceive was intended to be taken for something more than a jest.

From the New York Sunday Mercury.

SHORT PATENT SERMONS.

NEW SERIES.—No. XLIX.

I shall draw my discourse, for this occasion, from the following text.—  
Oh, how uncertain and how brief is life,  
And yet how full of sweetness.

My hearers—the more I reflect upon the matter the more fully am I convinced of the evanescence and the nothingness of life. What is it but a bubble floating down the stream of time? Now it glides over a placid surface—now it dashes to and fro amid the rough breakers—and now it bursts up and disappears in the dark wave of eternity! What is it but a vapor, that creeps for a while along earth's checkered vale, and then rises to its native heaven? What is it but an empty dream—an imaginary entity—as void and as vacant as the deserted shell of hope? It is any thing that's fleeting, brittle or unsubstantial. And what is man?—Nothing but a mass of dirt scraped up from the fallow, and destined to dance and skip, for a short time, under the influence of life's exhilarating gas, then to be carried back up on death's sable cart, and emptied upon the soil from whence it was gathered.

Oh, my dear friends! when we look about us and behold what multitudes are daily entering the dark portal of the tomb—and how even the mourners themselves are hourly casting off the black habiliments of sorrow, and donning the white robes of the grave, we cannot but be impressed with the solemnly idea that our turns must all soon come to partake of the same cold supper—which means, as my friend Shakespeare says, not to eat, but to be eaten. The worms of the clod will soon hold a festival in the skull that is now peopled with a thriving generation of ideas; and every heart, now beating in the fullness of hope, must ere long forever cease to throb. The thin casement that encloses the immortal spirit of man is as brittle as glass; and a gentle tap of disease, if it do not entirely demolish it, may so shatter it that the medicated putty in the universe can't hold it together. The gossamer threads that are woven in the web of man's mortal existence are so fine in texture and so feeble in strength that the slightest breeze of physical affliction will sometimes snap them asunder, and leave them dangling in the dusky sepulchre, like so many superannuated cobwebs in the corners of a miser's hovel.

My friends—the uncertainty of life is as certain as quarter-day. I have seen newborn babes imbibe the poison of death with the very gasp that gave them existence. I have seen infancy creep into the grave, and give back its life into the hands of its Maker, unused and undamaged. I have seen childhood and youth kicked out of the world as though they were committing depredations in its flowery garden, and had no business to occupy even a niche in the broad empire of animated nature. I have seen manhood fall from the topmost cliff of ambition, her-swash into the depths of nonentity, and lie forever buried in the turbid wave of oblivion. I can now see old age knocking at the door of the tomb, and begging to rest

its weary frame within its sacred walls, where no earthly jans can disturb its slumbers. Yea, my friends, old Time, in his mowing, takes a sweep from one side of creation to the other, and all that comes within the reach of his scythe must fall to fade and wither. Before it, life's fragrant posies yield up their sweetness, like new mown clover, and the incense is borne to the realms of that Almighty Power which gave it. How unwelcome the thought that life, so full of the highly concentrated compound extract of sweetness, should be so brief!—that the candle of existence should so frequently cease to burn before the tip end of the tallow is fairly consumed!—that it should so soon, at best, flicker in its socket, and the melted grease of mortality run down upon the cold clay of the grave!

My dear friends! on this occasion, all the lighter feelings that pertain to human nature have deserted the domain of my heart, and have left nothing instead but a vacuum of solemnity. A man is dead! he was nothing more than a man—but it is something to be a man in these degenerate days of hypocrisy, conceit and selfishness. Yea, the man whom we had but lately chosen from a body of fifteen millions to preside over, govern and direct the political affairs of this free and independent nation, is now no more! His immortal spirit has flown to join companionship with those of his five illustrious predecessors, whose souls, I have reason to believe, are in heaven—whose bodies have returned to dust—whose noble virtues are embalmed with the incense of memory—and whose names are written high upon the obelisk of fame, to be read and remembered by the children of posterity. Yea, my friends, he who but yesterday, as it were, was crowned with the costliest coronet of honor, has now gone to furnish no better food for the worm of the valley than the beggar who dies for the want of a crust. Those eyes that so lately surveyed the thronging multitude, and witnessed the sincere manifestations of a nation's respect, are now fastened together with the adhesive glue of death, to gaze no more upon the world's busy scene. Those hands, which formerly received the congratulations of thousands, are crumbling to ashes in the mouldering sepulchre; and that generous bosom, once warmed with the fire of patriotism that blazed upon the heart's living altar, is now as cold and inanimate as the marble that covers it. I hear a funeral dirge in every breeze: the sun, to me is clothed in sackcloth; the eagle perches upon the cypress, and droops its wings in sorrow: the stars that spanned upon liberty's banner are darkened with the emblems of grief: mourners fill the streets; and a wail is heard throughout the land for the loss of one, who, through the all wise dispensations of Providence, yielded up the trust confided to him by his fellow countrymen while the blossoms of hope were in their fullest bloom.

Such, my friends, is the frailty of life—such the insignificance of human greatness—and such the vanity of all earthly expectations. Death shows no preference for the humble tiller of the soil over the king on his throne. The high, the low, the rich, the poor, the beautiful, the ugly, the fat and the lean, are all slaughtered indiscriminately, and packed away in that turf-covered house appointed for all living. Man, surely is but a shadow and life a dream!

Reflect, my friends, upon what feeble, dying insects you are, that crawl for a day along the sunny path of existence and then are crushed into the dust to inhabit the earth no more. Oh, think of this, and live while you live, in the daily expectation of dying, so that when you die, you may die in the expectation of living. So mote it be!

DOING THE SIMPLE.—Sam Slick says, if you ever want to read a man, do the simple, and he thinks he has a soft horn to deal with; and, while he s'poses he is playin' you off, you are puttin' the leaks into him without his seein' it. Now if you put on the knowin' it puts him on his guard directly and he fights as shy as a coon. Talkin' cute looks knavish, but talkin' soft looks sappy. Nothing will make a feller bark up a wrong tree like that.

Putting a stop to a woman's tongue is said to be "a difficult kind of punctuation."

How superior is nature to art! A pair of nature's jet black eyes, when properly bro't to a focus, have always received our admiration; but an artificial black eye made by the fist of man upon his neighbor's peeper, is abominable.

MORE ISSUING OF SMALL BILLS.—Married, in Michigan, Mr. Henry Bills, to Miss Mary Small.

VICE.—He who lives under the domination of any one vice must expect the common effects of it; if lazy, to be poor, if intemperate to be diseased; if luxurious to die betimes.